BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 08653 290 8

№ 4548.151

THE TRUSTEES OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 . 1878

AUG 29 1927

NOV 26

THOUGHTS ON PEACE AND WAR.

AN

# ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

# AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY,

AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING, MAY 27, 1844.

7578.151

BY WALTER CHANNING, M. D.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.
Depository, 13 Tremont Row.
1844.

Dupl. B.170.35

From pph vol 334
39.457
Ap. 17, 1860.

Printed by William S. Damrell, No. 11 Cornhill, Boston.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

# INTRODUCTION.

The person appointed to deliver the address at this anniversary of the American Peace Society was prevented doing it, and, at a very late hour, I was, somewhat informally, desired to write one. I could not say, yes, and I would not say, no, but took time to think about the matter. "To doubt," in such a case, I might have known, "was to be resolved," but I did not know at the moment what the resolution might be. I went home, thinking of the matter as I went along, and though the distance was not great, by the time I reached my house, I resolved to write, had a scheme of an address made, and went to work. The official appointment came about the middle of the present month, May, and by that time the address was written.

This history is given, not by way of apology for the hasty and imperfect manner, in which what is writ has been set down, but because of the omission of topics of so pressing interest that surprise and disappointment may be felt that they are not treated. There is the Texas question, and there is the Oregon question, and there are others, "vexed" ones, too, which are so grave, in their peace bearings, that you may wonder, reader, that they are omitted. I regret that it is so. There are, however, considerations which diminish this regret. Those questions will not produce war, unless a very great change takes place in public sentiment. The settlement of the boundary question is not a promise, merely,—it is a solemn pledge and guaranty, that like questions shall be settled in like way,—that matters between this and other

nations shall not be attempted to be settled by resort to arms, but by an arbitration, which shall secure the common interest. What proof, what better proof than this, of the progress of civilization,—of Christian civilization? Let the friends of peace be true to their ministry. Let them labor in their cause. Let them diffuse light concerning it daily, and every where. Let them hold no terms with war, or with preparation for war. As Christian friends, and lovers of peace, can they do either? Let those who have money, but not the time, nor the habit of such work,—let them, as faithful stewards of Christ, pour out their wealth like water, to promote this, his special mission, the central element of his gospel. If any have refused so to aid it, let them withhold their alms no more.

I have a word or two more. For the doctrines, and for the opinions of this Address, I am alone responsible. For a moment,—it was but for a moment,—it was thought that a word, or a sentence or two, might have been adapted to some temporary criticism of a portion of the public press. The criticism was the probable result of an imperfect memory, or of some unhappy tendency to find fault, and this without the current excuse. It has not been heeded. The Address was written, as above stated, at short notice and when it was finished, it was done. I have given a copy for the press, in the deep conviction of its truth. W. C.

Boston, May 30, 1844.

# ADDRESS.

The settlement of the boundary question between this country and Great Britain, forms an epoch in the history of Peace. Nations had before settled grave questions by submitting them to umpires. This was not an uncommon mode of adjusting national difficulties a few centuries ago. In the supremacy of the Catholic church, the pope was a common and a frequent umpire. It was attempted in our own case to bring about a settlement with Great Britain by arbitration. By mutual consent the question was submitted to an umpire, a king, as if the recognized authority of royalty might, in an international matter, aid in adjusting what had long been at serious issue, and which it was feared could otherwise only be settled by the stern and unholy arbitrament of war. Mutual pledges were given to abide the friendly, and so the just, decision; an umpire was selected; the question was submitted; the decision was made. We know the result. The king of the Netherlands had his labor for his pains. The pledges were not redeemed. The royal award was not accepted. Here the matter for a time rested. But new troubles arose, or old ones were revived, and it became more and more

evident that border quarrels about a disputed territory would infallibly lead to general confusion, and a new effort was made to settle the question. For this purpose a commission, consisting of two men, Lord Ashburton for England, and Mr. Webster for America, was appointed. These commissioners met in Washington. We are told that, in the first place, and before a diplomatic note passed between them, they came together as man to man, to confer on the great subject, involving such important results, and which had been so gravely committed to them. They discussed in the fullest detail, and in the most friendly manner, every point at issue. In this way principles were reached which lay at the foundation of the whole subject, and made the future management of the whole question simple and easy. Diplomacy, technically so called, followed. The preliminary intercommunication of thought, gave place to that correspondence in writing, which would give permanent record to the principles which had been reached; and allow of their communication to others. We all know the result. How cheerfully did both governments ratify what their own joint commission had so wisely settled! In the British Parliament, and in the American Congress, the debates on the treaty recognized the principles which had been so fully admitted in the execution of their joint commission; and in effect declared that hereafter the voice of Christianity should be heard, and its principles recognized, whenever occasion for their agency should arise out of the relations of the two countries. How strongly does this appear in the vote of thanks to Lord Ashburton, in the parliamentary debate referred to.

This is a recent, and a short history. But how full of matter for profound gratitude, and for serious thought! It has had both. From press, and from pulpit, the public voice has uttered itself, and we this moment enjoy the great blessing which the manly, the generous, the Christian deliberations

of those two great men have made ours. We are this day, this hour, in the midst and presence of the blessing of peace, —of a peace purchased with no blood; but which is the honored product of mutual confidence, of profound wisdom, and of unerring truth. I place this important passage in the history of two countries in the foreground of what I have to say, because of its importance, and because it is grateful to the cause of peace, and to its friends, to give honor and pay reverence to those who have so lately and so directly promoted its best interests amongst us. But there is another, and to some a deeper motive for this substantive interest in this historical event. Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton were a commission for a certain object. But whence their commission? From whom that great power, that large discretion? They were but two men out of forty and more millions of people. Whence their commission? I answer, from those millions. Yes, from them was it that the power came; and to speak for the people, as was that eloquent patriarch prophet of old, so were those two chosen to speak for peace. Here it is that the subject of our present thought and speech gets its dignity: and here does it lay its claims to our chiefest regard and gratitude. The people of England, and of America, through their august governments, the representatives of themselves, and always true representatives, too, of the public virtue or the public vice, — its greatness or its degradation, — the people, the public sentiment, gave utterance to its great voice through those two great men. It said to them, this boundary question shall be now settled; this disputed territory shall be for what God designed it, namely, for those men, and women, and children who dwell in or on it. It shall not, in its barrenness, or in its luxuriant harvestings, be made a cause of war. This possible cause of that deepest woe, that deepest national delinquency, shall be so no more! So did the

people speak by their accredited, their commissioned agents, and its word was heard, and heeded. In these considerations we find the true significance of that treaty of peace. Do we not find in it promise and prophecy of the perpetuity of that chiefest national blessing? The wisdom, the Christian wisdom of the people must and will answer the question.

Let me here advert to another important fact in the history of our times, and of which that just mentioned is a product. I mean, the long continued peace which it is so grateful to dwell upon, and to record. It is almost thirty years since the last battle in Christian Europe was fought; and this is the time, too, since this country closed its last war. When in the long age of the latest civilization has such a period of peace been known, — when such breathing time from the hot service of war? Since the thirteenth century, has there been such a time? Look at France; look at England. War between these border states was for ages regarded as their natural condition. Now the court gazettes tell us of queenly and kingly visits between these ancient enemies. The confidence and kindness of good neighborhood, have replaced that ancient fear and hatred; and the blessings of peace replace the horrors of war. Look over the whole European continent, and you see every where the same spirit of peace in gentle exercise. The Autocrat of all the Russias is making imperial progress towards the sunny south, to visit gentle queens and kings. Not as the hero, nor as the warrior, comes he from his far-off home. He comes as an honored guest; and the hospitality of kingdoms meets him every where on his way. It is now safe for kings and queens to journey. Their safe-conduct is the universal peace. Who, which of the nations, will be so reckless in regard to the prosperity and happiness of the whole world, or so unworthy of an independent existence, of a being in the times in which we live, as to think for a moment of any act, which, by any chance,

can disturb this great, this wide peace? What state so barbarous as to insult this reign of peace with the word, even, of war? But why, then, this interest in this subject? Why have we left home, and, it may be, other duty, and why have we assembled in this place, — in this anniversary week, — in this our saturnalia of Christian offices and works, to speak of peace? Let me ask your attention, while I endeavor to answer the question. We have assembled,

First: because of the Christian origin, and the Christian obligation of peace.

In that most touching, and, at the same time, sublime passage in the life of Christ, his visible consecration to his mission to man, his baptism, a word came from the excellent majesty of heaven, and that word was peace! "On earth, peace, good-will towards men." Christ went up out of the waters of baptism with the investiture of peace. He went up, and passed under the cloud of the shadow of death, in his great ministry of life to the world, but peace went up with him, and he never laid aside that beautiful garment, his robe of salvation. When about to be offered up, *the* sacrifice, among his last words of sacred bequest, of divine legacy to his disciples, and to us amongst them, peace had its august place. The first word in his ministry, it was the last of his life, — "Peace I leave with you."

You ask no comment. The record is with you unto the end of the age. You ask not a word more, — not a letter, a syllable of explanation, or of enforcement of the word from that evangelist. My Christian brethren, you are filled, you are satisfied with that. I do not ask, if the church, the visible body of Christ, has been true to that last, that divine testament, that blessed legacy. I do not ask, if we, men and women here assembled, have been followers after peace, and in its divine guidance have found its great blessing, and have

given to others what we have so freely received. We have come together, that we might think and speak, too, of this great theme, this Christian grace, and chief element, peace. Let us farther speak of it, and commend it, as we may be able, to the reverence, the love, the obedience of each other, and so of all within our reach.

I cannot well omit speaking, for a moment, of a recent occurrence which has some bearing on the subject of peace in its Christian relations. I refer to the debate in Congress, on that portion of the appropriation bill which provides for the pay of army and navy chaplains. A member from Indiana, named Petitt, moved to strike out this clause, on the ground that Christianity denounces war; enforces the obligation of peace under whatever provocation; requiring that evil should never be resisted, but that it should be overcome with good. In other words, he showed how utterly inconsistent it was with the whole spirit of Christianity to have its doctrines taught to armies, — to bodies of men collected together and supported for the express purpose of violating a fundamental principle of Christianity, which commands us to save life, not to kill.

When the member had sat down, many others followed each other in rapid succession in defence of Christianity, and in defence of the appropriation, on Christian grounds. The member from Indiana was called an "infidel," — his speech "blasphemous," — in short, nothing was judged too bad to be charged upon that member for his anti-christian argument, so called, against the appropriation for the army and navy chaplains. In the course of the debate a member rose, not to defend the Indiana member, but to defend Christianity against its friends. His speech was dignified, solemn, reverential. He rebuked the spirit in which our religion had been defended. You felt grateful for so much wisdom, so much

true piety. Who does not, with that honorable member, see the inconsistency of the public sanction of war, or of its preparation, which comes of connecting with it in any way the religion of the Prince of peace? Who does not sympathize with that "infidelity," if such it be, which, in the speech of that member from Indiana, declared the utter incompatibility of war, and of armies and navies, with Christianity; and which denounced the gross waste which an appropriation was, and ever must be, for paying the salaries of their chaplains?

Few single facts in our public history are more instructive, or have a deeper meaning, than that Congress debate on the connection between war and Christianity. Let the friends of peace keep it in mind.

I proceed, as was proposed, to speak of peace, and in its commendation.

Peace is commended to us by its power, by its nobleness and great dignity. It is full of power. It bestows on him who has it entire possession of himself. Nothing without him can disturb him. The soul, where peace dwells, is beyond self-trouble. A blessing was pronounced on those who have, and who promote peace, which contains in it what must confer true power: — "They shall be called the children of God." Peace thus brings the human soul into intimate, the nearest relations with God. It establishes a closer, a different connection from that which the idea, and the fact of creation brings with it. It is that of adoption. It implies common interests, and a like nature. Having its foundation, as we have seen, in Christianity, it gives to that its true interpretation, and manifests its life. What can disturb him who lives daily and hourly in and by the faith which is in Christ? What on earth, or what in hell, can overcome the love of that

man who is in fellowship with the Father, and who, by a true adoption, is become a child of God. The poet says,

"Exceeding peace had made Ben Adem bold."

This, this it is which covers man as with a garment, — a garment of celestial fabric, and which nothing can pierce. Its strength is in its deep silence, — its entireness, — its unbroken harmonies with God, and with the universe. It gives itself, by an active transfusion, to all within its reach; and by its gentle wisdom, which is ever from above, it enlightens the world. How full of power, of authority, is the infant child! He stands in his physical weakness, a monument of the power of peace. He has not yet learnt war, — the great lesson of hate, which the world will be sure to teach him, he has not yet learnt. He is conscious of his own being, and of yours; but he no more fears you than he does himself. Power is his, and who but a madman does not obey it! The popular mind ascribes all this to ignorance on the part of that infant hero. Ignorance of what? Of man's sin, of his cruelty, his deep selfishness. To me it is the manifestation of the divine in which man was made, and which is not yet defaced by the contact of surrounding evil. Look at the child as he declares his power; and in his sublime beauty, his noble bearing, see, and feel, too, the power of perfect peace.

Again. The state of peace is noble. What true nobleness is that which comes of the possession of true power, — such power as I have just alluded to, and attempted, feebly indeed, to describe? The hero, the world's hero, too, is he who has once or more in his life of war upon others, discovered the success of his conflict with himself, — the possession and exhibition of the principle whose nature we are now considering. Washington, to my mind, is most the hero, when he is most the man of peace. Hence was his

nobleness, his manliness, his extreme dignity. He was less a warrior than any celebrated soldier in the annals of nations. You call that in him which came from the peace principle, prudence, wariness, wise caution, wisdom. You see him retiring before superior forces, and you have, to you, the illustration of his prudence. I see in it something else, and something more, than this cold element in your catalogue of the military virtues. I see in it the power, feeble as you may regard it, in the present instance, — the power of the principle of peace. It took the hero from the wild work of bloodshed and murder; and war sought its ends by nobler means. Any other view of the matter than this gives to that conduct of Washington some of the attributes of fear. He saw uncertainty in the result, was apprehensive, and would not take the chances. There was imminent danger, and he would not incur the risk. I have offered a different explanation of the moral state of that honored man. I see in that habitual policy, so called, the power of the peace principle, and a purpose, so far as it was seen to be possible, to buy liberty at another price than that of blood. In the annals of war, never was so little blood shed as in the revolutionary war of this country with Great Britain. Never was such an end obtained at so small expense of the ordinary means. Never, in such a service, had the peace principle so much place, and never has such honor been the award of war. Look, for a moment, at a later hero, so called. Look at Napoleon Bonaparte. In him peace had no place. He rushed after victory with the rapidity of the eagle's, yes, the lightning's flight. Human life, and human woe, entered not as questions in any matter which had taken its place in his soul. He had no reverence for man, or for God. Naked, unadulterated selfishness, — love of war, hatred of peace, — these were the ever active elements in the character, and in the life, of that sad, that awful man. Was there nobleness

in that falsely called hero? Was there the possession of that true power which can only come of that true peace which invests man with supreme authority over himself? No. There was no such thing in that man. He could be the object of no sympathy, and so was only feared. Look, for a moment, on another hero, who manifested the power of the principle of which I have spoken, as constituting nobleness. He was a marshal of France, when heroism was in the ascendant. He had received what was regarded as the grossest personal insult, and this in the presence of many. On the impulse of the moment he drew his sword. It was but for a moment, however, that the power of evil and of wrong showed itself. It was at once conquered by the paramount principle of peace. With infinite calmness, dignity, nobleness, he said, as he returned the sword to its scabbard, "Could I have wiped your blood from my sword as easily as I can this insult from my face, I would have laid you dead at my feet." Such acts as these are rare, — so rare, that when men meet with them, they are disposed to ascribe them to weakness, rather than to great power. But, friends, such acts have their origin in the divine in man, and they declare with an irresistible eloquence the human endowment of the divine. It is for the development of this power, to keep it in active exercise among men, that the peace enterprise was begun. For this it is, that it has so long labored. It is for this we have now assembled to celebrate its anniversary.

Look, again, at peace in another of its elements. I mean justice. Justice is the principle of man's nature, in which men should have the deepest faith. It is this which ennobles that nature. Around it cluster our hopes. In it do we ever find our safety. Give to justice the supremacy in the man, or in the state, and you feel you have made the largest, the surest provision fort he truest individual and public good. In its perfectness, justice is always allied to mercy, or love.

Such is its alliance in the divine mind, in which such perfectness exists. So must it be, so is it, in its measure, in the human. Without it, peace cannot be. How does justice, in this connection, promote, make peace? It recognizes every where, and in every body, equal rights. It ever holds the personal in subjection. It makes criminal self-love, or pure selfishness impossible. It knows nothing of mere party, that baleful, that debasing agency, which, in modern times, rules the world. It sees the highest general good in wise rule, in equal laws, and in their just administration. It will not recognize, for a moment, any power in the state, any more than in the man, to do that which conflicts for a moment with itself. It demands from all, what it freely gives, and supports its claim by inflexible adhesion to its own principles. Allied with justice, — nay, having its origin in it, — what can disturb that peace of which we speak? Man, in his wantonness, and in his sin, may attempt to insult its purity, or drive it from its supremacy. But the effort must fail. "Resist not evil," is the device on its fair, its unspotted escutcheon, and in its fidelity to that, it can experience no evil. It has no fear. It has its state in the immortal, in the impassible. Look, friends, at this great blessing, peace, in its power, its nobleness, its justice, its love. With what moral, with what divine beauty is it not invested! It is enshrined in the pure and in the holy, and in its deep love, asks us into its blessed, its life-giving service. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Come to your great birth-right, then, ye, who have offered to sell it, at the poor price which this world will pay for it. Take your place again in your Father's house, ye, his children, who have deserted its pleasant places. Be at peace!

I have spoken of peace, and have attempted its commendation. I have spoken of it reverently, because of its divine origin, and nature. It is one of the strange, and, at the same

time, to my mind, melancholy truths, that the highest virtue, and the divinest principle, depend so much, or are thought to depend so much, on human power, or enforcement, in order to their true action on society. How often is it that the obvious, as well as the true, — the admitted, as well as the important, — lose their power in the world, because of their coming to us in close company with much human infirmity, and individual prejudice? The cause of peace has been singular, among the reforms of the day, in not being obnoxious to much of the objection which has been brought against other topics of public interest and obligation. Look at it in its earliest representative and friend, Noah Worcester. How beautiful, how simple was the life of that great and good man! Those of us who were so privileged as to know him, and who lived with him, in some sense, as associates can never forget the child-like simplicity, the serenity and sublime moral dignity. of that fast friend of peace, — that true lover of his race. Who did not approach him with confidence and profound respect? Who did not see in him that great ministration of the true soul, which gave dignity and beauty to an external condition, — of a humbleness approaching the apostolic of old; and which, in advanced age, saw our friend laboring with his own hands to supply that strength, support that life, which was devoted to peace? I think it is very rare to see the inner, the spiritual state, so distinctly brought out in the life, nay, giving itself to the every day and every hour expression of the countenance, and living in the whole manner of the man, as was the case in Noah Worcester. He never lost the image in which he was created! The dignity, the innocence, the loveliness of the infant child, were his. So, too, was that light which lighteneth every man which cometh into the world, — the gift of God to him, — and he did not hide it; he never extinguished it. It shone here in the city, in the society of our greatest and of our best; and

it illuminated that humble path of duty in Brighton, till it thence guided him to heaven!

Willingly would I add other names borne by true friends of the cause. But I must leave the grateful office of these pious memories, and come to a theme in violent contrast with all which has occupied us, — the theme of *War*, that awful antagonism of peace, which never quits its hold upon her till it has stained her celestial robes with human blood. Yes, I must speak of war, that I may teach the whole lesson and obligation of peace.

I shall speak of war in ITSELF, — in its NATURE, — in its PREPARATION, — and in its RESULTS. I would do it in the spirit of Peace.

What is war? It is a human institution to settle the quarrels, the contentions of nations. Here is its source. You can find for it no other. Nations quarrel, and the laws of nations allow them, nay, prescribe the terms, to settle the quarrel with blood. Let us look a little into this matter, in its historical bearings. We may learn something about the nature of war,—what it is, in this way. War was once provided for by law for the settlement of private, personal quarrels; and the duel had a more sacred function,

"Ere human statute purged the gentle weal,"

for the trial or "wager of battle" might be demanded as a test of innocence, in cases where grave and capital crime was charged upon a suspected person. The "wager of battle" has been claimed in our own time, within a very few years, and the challenge led to the repeal of the forgotten law. Now it strikes me as a very curious fact in human history, that as the law of the duel has been repealed in one country, in England, and as such resort to arms has been made a felony, both in that country, and in our own, that international war

should still have the sanction of law. Johnson defends the duel on the same ground precisely, by the same arguments, as its opponents, its opponents on the Christian ground, too, support war between nations. I may be told that the state may prevent the duel, by law, for it has power to enforce its own enactments: but that, in a quarrel between nations, there is no power in either, or out of either, to prevent the war. What law, I am asked, could be made to apply to such a case, which could, by any possibility, be enforced, as it is the direct tendency of war either to involve various nations in the one quarrel, or to demand a neutrality which is fatal to all foreign interference? Now, what does such an argument amount to? It simply declares that there is not power, force enough, the civilized world over, to prevent war, or shorten its continuance. And what does this teach concerning the nature of war itself? Why, that it is the antagonism, the conflict of brute forces, of muscles and bones, directed by a will which is irrespective of, and uncontrolled, alike by reflection, or by conscience. I am asked for the proof of this grave charge upon the, so called, manhood, the vaunted bravery, the chivalry of men and of nations. What do I mean, when I say that war resolves, not only ultimately, but in its very first movement, its preparation, into brute force, and is at enmity, both with the reflection of the reason, and with the solemn word of the conscience? What do I mean? Come with me, not to that field of sham-battle, — to that child's play of grown men for the holiday amusement of the children, — come with me to the beleagured city. Whence that shriek, that yell of agony, — whence that groan, which was the last expression of expiring life? Whence that noon-day blaze, or that night-burning which makes the darkness as the day? Whence all this outward manifestation of human power, — this terrible utterance of physical agony? That body of men you passed yonder, in party-colored cloth-

ing, so brilliant and so gay, — and those instruments of brute noise, and infinite confusion, — those cannon, and those drums and trumpets, those horses and those banners, — that is an army, and they are making war upon that city. That blaze of light, and of wide-spread conflagration, is the burning city; and those agonizing shrieks and groans come from children, women, and aged and sick persons, who could not escape the slaughter, and who are falling by the bursting shell, or the big cannon ball. Do you ask for the proof of the brute character of war? Come with me to the beleagured city. What had that child done that it should be murdered in its play by its father's house? — What that woman, whose whole life was the expression of peace, of Christ-like love? — What that aged man, or that sick person, who only asked of his brother, that the pathway to his grave might be peace, and of his God, that his sins might be forgiven? What a hero is the warrior! How brave is war! Do you ask for proof?

I have more, and relative arguments to give. I could fill the hour and the night with them. Look at the narrative of battle. Look at the history of war. Look at Scott. Look at Napier, at Wilson,—or, in the older times, look at Cæsar, at Homer, at Virgil and at Xenophon. What is the word of this ancient literature, with which we prepare, by labored and expensive education, the young man for the work of life; and what the novel, or the battle-history, with which we amuse the idle hour of our sons, our daughters, and ourselves? What are these books, but the record of brute force, of physical misery? In them we hear the appalling groan of the dying, we see the flow of the river of blood. The widow and the orphan are our companions there, and the mutilated man, dragging his wretched body from the slaughter-field to that hospital which the nation is proud of, because it harbors the premature old age, the fast ebbing life, of its subaltern heroes.

War-literature teems with human agony, and asks for our sympathy. Ages have been terribly abused in this way. Men's minds have been drawn from true issues, and their sympathies have been wasted. For what have those sympathies been asked,—to what have they been accorded? I answer, to the physical, the outward, alone. The character of war extends even to the expression of human sympathy in the matter. It is for carnage, for blood, for wounds, and for death, that our hearts sicken, and our tears are taught to flow. Yes, the sin of war, too, is found in the external, the physical, the brute force, of which that battle-field, or that besieged city are the terrible expressions. It is to the temporary that we have been for ages directed. For that which poisons the soul, that which alone can make war, its terrible, its otherwise senseless *preparation*,—for this, how little has been national, or individual regard!

The awful and the sinful in war, to my mind, is in no sense in the external, the physical. I see no bravery in the accomplishments of brute force, superior strength. My heart does not bleed for the wounded or for the dying. What were your guns made for, your Paixhans, among the rest,—what your powder, your shot,—your muskets, your swords, your pistols,—what your flags, consecrated to the work of marching men to murder, by your clergy, the ministers of the Prince of peace,—what all this preparation for, but for slaughter,—for wounds, for groans, for blood-stained victory? Why mourn over that battle-field, which your own hands have made? Would you sever calamity from wrong? Would you sever punishment from guilt? The calamity of war is not in the battle-field, with all which makes it such. I see its great calamity in the spirit, the unmanly, the unchristian spirit of those who *prepare* for, or who make war, or who allow it to be made,—of governments, and of people. The military dress is no more ridiculous, to my mind, than is the current

sympathy with the carnage and the wo of the battle-field, out of place,—a wasted sympathy. It is that which is behind, —that which sustains war,—the ideal, of which war is the outward expression,—this makes, to my mind, its whole and terrible calamity. Without this spirit, it could not exist for a moment. Its preparation would moulder in the long peace,— the everlasting reign of manly, noble, heroic love. The grass would again wave over the walls of your island-fort, yonder, or the ocean surge would cover its battlements again, with the ancient, lately disturbed sand. The requiem of the soft-rolling wave would there woo the weary sea-bird to rest, or the ocean storm tell of its harmless power. How majestic, how sublime, the movements of nature, in the mightiest displays of the divine power! We hear in them the voice of God, and man is still! Was I not right, when I said that war, in itself, and in its preparation, resolves into the conflict of brute force, that its physical and moral evils are its natural, its necessary results, and are in no sense proper objects of sympathy?

Another argument for our view of the nature of war, is found in the uses to which it puts men, or in what it makes of them. A soldier has been called a machine. This, to my mind, is far too comprehensive a designation for my brother, when he is so used. He is only a *part* of a machine. He is, with great labor, prepared, fitted for a certain place in the mechanism, just as is a bolt or a screw for the machine of which it makes a part. He is, then, like these, forced or driven into his place, and the subsequent labor is to keep him there. What do I mean by this? What do I mean by a soldier? I will tell you. I do not mean a mere fancier of this business,—the holiday, city soldier, who is made by his uniform. I do not mean that part of the machinery, which is no part of it at all; which, if put into place, allows it to be done, and takes himself, or itself, out

of it, whenever it, or he pleases. O, no! I mean by a soldier something which does belong to something,—the regulâr of the regular army, so called,—he who is hired by the month, for killing, or to be killed, and who lives by his pay. And farther, I mean the soldier, the wide world over, and the army every where. With these explanations and limitations, I go on to speak of the process by which a man becomes a piece of the machinery of war, and how he is made to perform the office of one. How this is done here, in America, I know not. Men frequently know less about what may happen in the next street, than of that which may be done a thousand leagues off. Come with me to —— —— Park, ——, some pleasant spring morning, and you may see how soldiers are made. It may remind you of those play soldiers which the Dutch used to make in lead for the amusement of our boyhood. You see there, in the Park, two men, in military undress. One has a rattan, or larger cane in his hand, and the other stands passively before him. The one is the sergeant, or corporal, the other a recruit, a *raw* one, for this is the word that is given to that thoroughly well made man, who has passed inspection, and perhaps last night spent for gin the last sixpence of his bounty money. You see how wholly false is the position of that wretched man. For the freedom of country life,—that joyous, manly use of his limbs, and of his mind in their uses, you see him a prisoner, a slave to that portion of machinery before him. He is awkward, exhausted by the forced restraint to which he has now, it may be for hours, submitted. He may, and probably will, soon fall down in a fainting fit. That, I assure you, is the only movement he will be allowed to make without instant punishment. But observe that "orderly" and his manœuvres. Why that blow across the shoulders? The recruit stooped somewhat. Why that sharp cut on the shin? That leg was advanced rather too far, or not far enough. Why that blow

under the chin? The head was not sufficiently erect. Do not continue the catechism. Are you not ashamed of this inhuman folly,—this outrage against manhood,—this refined cruelty! There stands, and there moves that young man, and to that discipline is he to be subjected every day, and often in it, alone, or in the company of his miserable fellows, till he is cut and ground, and polished for his place in that unholy mechanism, war, and from which he will never be set free. I have taken a single instance. So must we do, if we would see the iron enter the human soul, and would learn, yes, feel, how it rankles there. Follow, friends, that recruit through his long or his short education for slaughter, the indiscriminate slaughter, as we have seen, of men, of women, and of children, in that beleagured city. See in him the sources of holy affections, of loving sympathies, of Christian hopes, all dried up. See the purity of that country boyhood polluted, defaced, destroyed, by reckless habits, profligacy, and sin. Hear that profane speech which comes from lips which may once have reverently pronounced that august word, Father!—and see how reeling drunkenness has replaced early and cherished temperance. I give you but a feeble sketch of a picture which was begun on that beautiful spring morning, in that over-sea park, yonder. It will be filled up, I fear, in that distant, and that dishonored grave!

Are we not thus taught much of the nature of war, by what it makes of a man? Is not the soldier, what we called him, a portion, a piece of a machinery, over the movements of which he has not the least control, and from which he cannot escape? Does not war, in its preparation, destroy in man, in the soldier, man's active powers, and reduce him to an involuntary, physical, dependent organism? Is not that preparation, the death of the spiritual,—the grave of holy aspiration, of the religious life?

To what uses does war put a man? That was a question. It is already partly answered. It makes of him a slave. He must never answer again. He must obey the Christian rule of non-resistance But not from his own mind, his conviction of duty, must he do this, or these; but because somebody else, some other mind, a free mind, you may call it, if you can, commands his submission, and this without motive, and without choice. And suppose he disobey? In the highest emergency of command, in the battle, should he disobey, he may be shot!—In less important contingencies he is flogged. Yes. The grown man,—the old man,—the veteran in the stern and cruel service of war, is stripped for the lash, by boys in years, and subjected to a punishment as degrading to him who inflicts,—the government, or rather the people, who permit it, as to him who receives it. Shame, I say, on an institution which allows of, nay, which commands such desecration of the human form, the temple of the living God,—and designed for the divine presence. Novalis says, in the sentiment of a profound, a holy reverence for man, "We touch heaven, when we lay our hand on a human body." War is without reverence. It lives not in,—it reaches not unto the true in man, the mighty significance of life, and so has no love of the one as such; and is reckless of the waste of the other. Look to England at this moment of universal peace, and see what war, the war-spirit of that nation, is doing with man. The military law of England allows of the enlistment of boys from the unions, or workhouses, as drummers for the army. It requires that they shall be fourteen years of age before they enlist, and take the oaths administered on that occasion; as if a workhouse boy of England knows, or can know, any thing of the solemn meaning of an oath. Now it is notorious, two cases are before me at this writing, that boys under fourteen, nay, one of these referred to, *eleven and a half* years only,

have been recently enlisted, and the wretched parents have sued in vain for their discharge. Justice to those helpless parents and children will cost from twenty to forty pounds sterling, and squalid workhouse poverty cannot pay the price. Those children are enlisted for life. Such are the terms; and while friends are interceding for their discharge, they are on their way to India. At eighteen, they are promoted to the administration of the *cat*, becoming thus the official agents of the army punishments, and between this office, and drumming, they divide their dishonored lives. Such, such are the base uses to which war and its preparation subject men.

I have showed what the spirit of war makes of men, and what a common soldier is. But its power stops not here. The soldier is not its only or its chiefest formation. Heroes, *par excellence*, are made by it. Bonaparte was the creation of his age,—of the war-spirit of his time. Of extraordinary moral, physical, intellectual endowments, we see him moulded by his age into a being of wide-spread terror,—of an energy which nothing for years could resist, and of accomplishments which the world wondered at, and submitted to. He was of large intellect, and it was well cultivated,—his will was indomitable. He saw the end from the beginning, with a sagacity which approached to the highest instinct, and which aided all his other faculties. His tact, the power to discern what the occasion demanded, and how it was to be supplied, —that faculty, too, in Bonaparte, was in most extraordinary development, and action. He saw war in its true, its physical nature, and he gave masses, yes, millions of men to its service, as a duty, as well as a necessity. Look at him in his physical constitution and frame. Short in stature, broad, compact, occupying physically but small space, as if he might be felt more in the spirit than in the body, he entered upon his work of conquest and of blood, reckless of fatigue, of sacrifice, and

of suffering. The war-spirit of the darkest age in the most modern civilization, wanted him, and it moulded him into fitness for its want. He was a slave to his age. He was the servant of the war-spirit into which he was born. He never calculated the chances,—he only acted. With what mighty power did the time, which so feared him, and which had such deep cause for its fear,—with what power did that age invest him! It saw him pass from the lieutenancy of a company, through every grade in the army,—made him consul,—then first consul,—then consul for life,—then,—why note the progress?—at last it covered his shoulders with the imperial purple, and placed on his wide, capacious, almost gigantic brow, a crown which no other head might wear. Bonaparte was the child, and the man, of war. Yes, that little frame of his,—it was only five feet six inches,—ruled the world, or demanded a world to check its rule,—and at last, in deep acknowledgement of its power, when he fell into its hands by the elements, the power of God, not of man, it felt, the whole world felt, that it could only be safe, by chaining that single being,—that one man,—upon that desert rock in the wild, far-off ocean; and "to make assurance doubly sure," it gave him in charge of a military brute, who might torment to death, the man whose free life that world shrunk in fear from, and whom it dared not outright to kill. To my mind, the disgrace of that act, was a deeper stain upon my age, than was its great fear. Whence that national injustice, and cruelty,—whence that world-wide fear? To my mind, each and all of these had a common origin in the debasing power of the spirit of war. I can find no other cause for such deep, such overwhelming moral delinquency among the nations. Bonaparte, I repeat, was the creation of the age, which so dealt with its own work. He was the mighty expression of the desolating, debasing spirit of war, of the world in which he lived, and

so nearly ruled. When you think of him and of his awful murders, carry with your thought his age too. Look at Napoleon always as the instrument of his time, in that wide wo. Look at the deep sin of his age, as the true agent in the production of all that evil. The awful mission of Bonaparte was war, and he fulfilled it. He was the created, the time-made prophet of infinite wo, and the prophecy was fulfilled.

I have spoken of war and of the soldier, as they appear to me. Bear with me, while I read a short extract of a living author, Douglas Jerrold, who, with Sidney Smith, and Albany Fonblanque, and others, have devoted noble minds, and the keenest satire, wit, and humor, to the cause of humanity:

"Now look aside," says Jerrold, "and contemplate God's image with a musket! What a fine looking thing is war! Yes, dress it as you may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it,—what is it, nine times out of ten, but murder in uniform? Cain taking the sergeant's shilling? . . . Yet, O man of war! at this very moment, you are shrinking, withering, like an aged giant. The fingers of Opinion have been busy at your plumes,—you are not the feathered thing you were; and then this little tube, the goose-quill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy; and the corroding INK, even while you look at it, and think it shines so brightly, is eating, with a tooth of iron, into your sword."—*Jerrold's Folly of the Sword.*

Let us now, as was proposed, look at war in its MOTIVE. "From whence *come* wars and fightings among you?" asks an apostle.

"What did they kill each other for?"

asks the child, in the ballad. The answer of James is well known. He gives the Christian answer. The ballad avoids the question somewhat. The child is told,

"It was a glorious victory."

Perhaps, few have a better reply at hand. What is the motive for war? A few weeks since, in Congress, when the question was on the army supplies, a member, I think, from New Hampshire, moved that the appropriation for the West Point Military Academy should be struck from the bill. He gave his reasons for his proposed amendment. As soon as he had taken his seat, a member from South Carolina rose, and opposed the amendment. He said that if the amendment prevailed, he would at once move that the permanent peace establishment should be immediately increased to many thousands, and a contingent army of two hundred thousand more be at once provided, in order to be ready for a war,—I think, with Mexico. What the war was to be for, did not appear, or exactly who should make it; but war was surely to be, if the appropriation for West Point were not voted. Here was a member of the American Congress, the war-making body, too, for the country, who was ready to fight with any body, if a paltry item in an appropriation bill should fail. Does not the answer to the grandchild's question in the ballad say as much, if not more, for the war-motive, than did that speech of the honorable member from South Carolina? The motive for war is never very distant where the war-spirit is; and a very slight one ordinarily suffices.

"To my shame," says Hamlet, "I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain."———

He thus speaks of the army then marching by him, on its way to battle, as

> "Led by a delicate and tender prince;
> Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
> Makes mouths at the invisible event;
> Exposing what is mortal, and unsure
> To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
> Even for an eggshell."

And then follows a passage which contains the pith and marrow of the whole matter; the acknowledged character of the war-motive.

> "Rightly to be great,
> Is, not to stir without great argument;
> But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
> When honor's at the stake."

"Honor, thus," says war, "is the subject of my story." Ambition and honor, says the poet, keep the world in arms. In speaking of the motive, it will be most convenient to look, at the same time, at the preparation for war, which was placed by itself in the proposed consideration of our subject. Honor, as a motive, must be a questionable, and a contingent one. It must resolve into the condition of a people, its civilization, for instance, as it gets its origin from this. It cannot be a fixed principle of action. It depends upon climate very much. It owes much, also, to refinement, and to social progress, so that what is honor at one time, and in one place, may be a very different thing in another age, and in another country. In the highest civilization, that in which Christianity has its true place and regard, honor would be the convertible term for moral and intellectual development, and action; and, as these are invulnerable, cannot be so insulted as to demand revenge, the state of war could never be the condition of such a people.

The war-motive would not exist, and could not be created. Honor, then, as a cause of war, in the ordinary use of the term, is not a principle, but an accident. It is not a possession, but an attribute. It has no true place in man, or in society. It is an expression for a very imperfect moral sense, utterly opposed to the Christian doctrine, and to the Christian life, and which directly leads to hatred instead of love. What is it but "a fantasy, a trick of fame;" and to what ridiculous as well as unholy and cruel issues does it not lead? It has no alliance with reverence,—nor is it true jealousy for man's highest dignity, his great honor. That is ever manly, generous, and brave, for its end is the highest and the widest good. Honor, in the war-union, has no greatness in it. It seeks its end by stratagem, or reaches it by overwhelming force. I see in it nothing noble. It knows nothing of self-sacrifice. It pronounces absurd the doctrine of love of enemies. Has there not been much abuse in this matter? And after all, is any true form of the principle of honor, the frequent, or the rare motive for war?

We have seen that war is physical in its nature, and in its means. Is it not so in its motive? Look at its Preparation. What is that army,—that fort,—that ship,—that arsenal, but so many substantial *causes* of war? Do they not contain a "foregone conclusion?" Are they not promise and prophecy of war? Why this waste of mind, of money, of men,—of the poor man's hard earnings, and the rich man's wealth, in this long peace, but to be ready for war; and if to be ready, what else can their agency be, but to produce it? This it is which gives birth to the current honor of nations, and this it is which finds an insult of that honor, in the most trifling differences in the every-day relations and business of nations. You say that this preparation is to preserve peace. And how does peace come of it? It comes of it, wholly and solely,

from fear, never, never from true courage. This nation would shake England from its propriety, by its mighty armaments, its war-steamers, its invincible fortresses, its vast armies. And England proposes to scare us into continued peace by its greater war preparation. The peace of nations is thus the product of mutual fear; and while the balance is tolerably well kept, international good behaviour is thought to be secured, and peace preserved. What is there in all this worthy a man's or a nation's thought for a single moment? Is it not mere child's play, a real weakness, an ever-present fear, covered over, indeed, and very poorly, too, by an assumed manliness, and a noisy courage? Or rather, is it not the supremacy of the physical over the moral, the rational, the sublime, and the noble in man?

Another thought occurs in this connection, which I cannot but think has a large place in the tolerated Preparation for war. It occurs to me, from some observation of the military institutions of Europe, and it may have an illustration from the same in America. I see in the armies and navies of Europe substantial provision for the support, the subsistence of vast numbers of men. I see in them provision for members of very different classes or ranks. The nobility find in armies and navies, places of honor, or of emolument, for the greater number of its otherwise unprovided-for members. The law of entail, which makes the eldest son enormously rich, and all the rest of the family more or less dependent, finds a compensation in the wide and constantly increasing demand of the military. The full pay supports the active service, and the half pay of inaction, supports the rest. Then, again, the common soldier, wretchedly paid, as he is, gets his support out of the preparation for war, which provides for his, so called, superiors. Now look through this whole system. See it in its demands upon industry, providing a market for manu-

facturing and other products. See it in all its wide relations, and you will learn how important a place this Preparation for war holds in the economy of great nations. See it, again, in its permanency, nothing being allowed to interfere with most ample preparation for war; and you learn how inseparable are its evils from the present unchristian basis of international peace, the basis of mutual fear. This provision for the subsistence of particular classes, how opposed soever it may be to true social progress, and how productive soever it may be of the gravest social evils, is not confined, in the foreign countries referred to, to their war-establishments. You see the same thing extended to the Christian church. This, too, is so constituted abroad, as to furnish places, means of support, to members of noble and other families, not otherwise provided for. It is notorious, that very frequently such places in army, navy, and church, are given to persons wholly unfit for the office. But the grand result is reached, the union, the identity of Church and State; and so the preparation for war is seen to be as important, as the preparation for heaven. The recent consecration of the flags of the 44th regiment by archdeacon Wilberforce, the son of that chiefest friend of peace of his age, and that true lover of his whole race, yes, whether black or white,—William Wilberforce,—that consecration of those flags by prayers and preachings, and the frequent occurrence of the same ceremonies in England, identify the army and the church so closely, as to lead you to suppose that they are regarded there as indeed one. These are matters of intense interest at this moment with the friends of peace in England. They see in this perpetual reference of armies and war, the preparation, and the fact, to Christianity for their argument, and for their sanction, a terrible abuse of the public mind, and of the public conscience, and they are using every justifiable means for the abatement of so great a moral nuisance.

Then, again, their attention is more and more, nay, every day, drawn to the army and navy peace establishments, to their actual great amount, and to the constant additions made to them. Petitions from all parts of England are poured into Parliament. Sir Robert Peel receives them with the greatest respect, and they are duly committed for the consideration and the action of the Commons. The right of petition is thus held sacred, in monarchical, aristocratic England, and the *subject* there is never denied the fullest hearing. Parliament is besieged by petitions from all parts of England, and Scotland, and Ireland, to diminish the land and sea forces; and immediately, or gradually, by abandoning the system of preparing for war, say to the people, and to the world, that it will "learn war no more." The petitions set forth the wrong of voting thanks to military men for their recent bravery in barbarous China, and more barbarous India, in the slaughter of hosts of men, women and children, on the one hand, because the government prohibited the smuggling of opium from England and America, and which was making madmen and idiots of the people; and because, on the other, the dwellers in the mountain ranges of India desired to be saved from the protection, and the civilization, of a foreign yoke, and rose to defend themselves against the ferocious, the murderous attacks of their Christian foes. I am glad to see that a military person of great rank, and who had figured most largely in the recent murders in India, has been called home. Not only in England is it that the cause of peace has this deep interest. The correspondence of the Society from France, from Sweden, from the whole continent, speaks the language of its English friends, and with an emphasis, and in a spirit, which must make it heard.

Of the RESULTS of War. This is our last topic, and it is the most important one. It is to be looked at in regard to what

has been gained, as to the original objects of war; and in regard to the actual condition of nations and individuals who have carried it on. It is the results, the present and future, in all human work, which most deserve notice; and to these are we to look, when we would find the character, and the nature of that which produces them. The surgeon, with his keen knife, his fine saw, his compound pullies worked by many men, cuts, and saws, and draws the sensitive frame, after a manner, and with an amount of acute suffering, which, but for the result, would be no less cruel than is war. The sudden death by the cannon-shot were merciful to the long surgical operation, but that the last has in it the great blessing of restored, and of enduring health, and of wide usefulness. But how is it with war, with its gaping, undressed wounds, its crushed bones, its conflagrations, its comprehensive misery, its terrible spirit? What is its gain,—what its result? In regard to that for which it was begun, *nothing*. The basis of the peace treaty is the *status ante bellum*, the condition of things before the war begun. Conquests are given up. Libraries, pictures, statues, nay, kingdoms, too, which have been stolen by war, are all restored to their original owners, at the return of peace, and as one of its conditions. Never was the truth of this more signally displayed than after the fall of Napoleon. Every thing which had been conquered to France, was duly sent home, the travelling expenses all paid, and all injuries made good. Between twenty and thirty years' fighting produced nothing, did nothing, in regard to the very objects which were mainly looked for from this protracted slaughter. Look at the result of earlier wars. What has become of the conquests of England on the continent; what of those of France? With centuries of fighting, England possesses little more than a barren rock at one of the extremities of a mighty continent,—nothing more, if we except what

has come to its crown from a foreign family, in which the succession still rests. There are always at least two parties to a treaty of peace, and you will rarely find either of them insensible to his whole right. The result, for the most part, is the *status ante bellum.*

An example might have been found in later times, nearer home. It may be recollected by some of my hearers, that thirty-two years ago, in June next, this country declared war against Great Britain. The nominal causes were numerous. The real cause was said to be the conflicting influence of France and England upon the party politics and the general interests of the country. The French party hated England. The English party hated France. Such, at least, it was said, was the state of parties here. In such a state of things, how easy was it to find cause for war. The Berlin and Milan Decrees on the part of France,—the counteracting Orders of Council on that of England, both of them thought to be mainly directed against, or deeply affecting our interest,—the British claim to, and practice of, visiting our ships, by the asserted right of search,—the extension of this practice to the case of a public ship, the Chesapeake, and the taking two seamen from her,—the affair of the British Little Belt, and the accompanying and very annoying result to the American frigate President,—these and other provocations, as they were regarded, led to war. There was England struggling almost single-handed against a world in arms, and which was daily led to victory by its then unconquered chieftain; and here were we ready to enter the contest against her, and for cause which a true and mutual love of peace might, and would, have removed, in the deliberations of an hour. But what was the result of that war? Those two frigates, which had so active a part in its precursory events, were sacrificed to its spirit. What is singular in this connection is, that other ships

escaped in ways most extraordinary, from capture, nay, were even successful over enemies' vessels, while those which led the van of the war were both captured, one in sight of this harbor, the other somewhere on the coast of the South American continent. What other results in regard to the objects of the war? Not one. The treaty of Ghent left the questions which led to the contest just where they were. Nothing, nothing was gained to us in these regards, either by the blood of the warrior, or by the diplomacy of the commissioners.

I need hardly to speak of the result to the active agents in that or of any other war. The statistics of bloodshed, of wounds, of deaths, and of wasted morals, and of wasted money,—of these, I have no occasion to speak. A generation has passed away since that June declaration, and its memory belongs to history. It was not out of place to allude to it here, to add new illustration to the asserted doctrine and fact, that the results of national conflicts are never the accomplishment of the objects for which the conflicts were begun. This is the rule. Are the exceptions more than sufficient to prove it?

The history of the cause of peace, as a distinct effort to bring to an end the unchristian custom of war, need not detain us. It begun in this country, as have some others of the most important reforms of the day. It soon extended itself to Europe, and is there an object of much more active interest than it is in America. The cause is plain. It is there most wanted. Enormous debt, and constantly increasing pauperism, have been the daily products of European wars, and their preparation. The Peace cause has at length arrested the regards of statesmen, and of governments, and we have faith in its ultimate and complete triumphs. Its operations are simple. It labors by a constant reference to established

facts, and by spreading these broadcast every where, to diffuse such knowledge as must lead to remedy. It has societies, national and local, over most of Europe and America, and annually it collects its friends, for encouragement, and for counsel. A very striking movement has been made recently. Very carefully prepared public documents have been addressed to governments every where, setting forth the obligations of Peace, and pointing out how these may be established. This plan proposes that all international difficulties and disputes shall hereafter be settled by arbitration,—and that war should cease to be regarded as a recognized means for their adjustment. The progress of such a reform must be slow. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal. They are the power of love, its supremacy over the hate principle. Peace reaches to every social or individual antagonism which involves uncharitableness, in every part of it, even if it be only by accident. It prays for the coming of the kingdom of God, —it prays for the reign of Christ in the world. Are we faithful to the benign principle of Peace? Are we true to its life-giving spirit? Is the party contention of this wide nation, the striving of friends, of lovers of men; and will the success of either, be matter of general congratulation? Or will success bring with it triumph? Will men, in the war-spirit, trample upon those who may be overcome? Will they only rejoice in their downfall, and in their humiliation? Triumph is not the expression of the highest principle in human nature. It is the antagonist of true humility. It is the grave of generous sympathy. It forgets how short-lived is success. It sees not how soon it may be itself hurled from power, and the banner of victory be placed in other hands. Triumph is neither wise, nor noble. It is the power of the self, declaring itself against every other interest. Peace sits calmly above the temporary, and the vain. Its state, as we

have seen, is a noble humility, which looks with deep interest also on the things of others. It invites us to its gentle, its sublime, its divine, service. It asks us, with infinite tenderness, to come to its altar of sacrifice, and there to offer our gifts,—there to renew our pledges of fidelity to its life-giving principle.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.